

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1886.

NO. 188.

MARVELOUS EVENTS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE OF S. L. POWERS & CO.

Place on sale this week an elegant line of New, Fresh and Seasonable Goods bought at the Great New York Auction Sales especially for our Big Holiday Trade that we are expecting and we are bound to have.

ASTONISHING BARGAINS THROUGHOUT THE STOCK.

The sale will consist principally of Dry Goods of all kinds, Fine Dress Goods, Ladies Cloaks and Short Wraps just received especially for the Holidays and at prices that will be surprising for cheapness. Shawls all grades, Jerseys, Fancy Hoods for Ladies and Children, Jersey Caps, Woosted Gloves and Mittens for Ladies and Children, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, the prettiest line in town. Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, Ladies' fine Shoes and Slippers, Toys, Dolls, Picture Frames, Lunch Baskets, Hosiery White and Colored, Blankets, Bed Spreads, Druggets, Rugs, Gents' Boots and Shoes a fine assortment, Clothing of all kinds, Suits, Old Pants, Coats and Vests, Chinchilla Coats and Vests, Overcoats by the hundred, and they must go too. You will regret it if you buy an Overcoat without looking at ours. Hats and Caps at about half regular prices. Suspenders, Neck Wear, Collars, Cuffs, Underwear, White and Colored Shirts, Fine Flannel Shirts, Trunks, Valises, &c., &c., &c. If you don't find what you want in this list come and see us about it. We will try to have room enough for all, and all are invited to call and inspect our goods and learn the lowest prices. Bear in mind, remember and don't forget that

WE WILL OPEN NEW GOODS EVERY DAY DURING THE WEEK.

We have made arrangements for extra help during this sale and will do our best to have everyone served promptly, thereby obviating the tiresome waiting that is usually the case at our store. Nevertheless we advise you to make your selections as early as possible and avoid the great rush that we always have a few days before Christmas.

S. L. POWERS & CO., SPOT CASH HOUSE, Popular Originators and Promoters of low prices for all the people

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—AT—

62 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

A Boston small dog whose lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places has just died. He wore delicate napkins at his meals with his name embroidered in the center. He was put to sleep in a crib, with costly furs for his bed and a coverlet of the finest wool wrapped him about. Over his sleeping prison was drawn a counterpane of figured silk. When he took an airing it was always from the seat of a carriage, and the coachman has driven him out alone, when by chance no members of the family were ready to accompany him. It is said that since his death his former home has been in mourning. Visiting friends of the family have been given to understand that the family would prefer that all calls should be omitted for the present. Any allusion to the dog in the presence of his mistress occasions a flood of tears, and the attending physician has rigidly prohibited any mention of the name or fate of the pet. A suitable memorial will soon be erected to his memory.

—J. D. Sellers, formerly a free will Baptist preacher, has for the past year been engaged as a teacher in one of the white public schools of Clarendon county, S. C. Friday afternoon he induced one of his small pupils to meet him in the woods back of the school-house when he attempted to ravish her, but was frustrated in his brutal designs by the arrival of some other pupils. The neighbors on hearing it gathered in large numbers and taking the rescue to a tree they tied him to it after stripping every stitch of clothing from him and cow hided him till he was barely alive.

A laboring man of Minerville, Pa., has patented a car brake, which he thinks is much better than the Westinghouse brake. He says that it can stop a freight car running at the rate of 35 miles an hour, in fifteen feet, lock the wheels dead in six or eight seconds, and stop a locomotive running at the rate of 40 miles an hour before it has moved 25 feet. He has been offered \$75,000 for his invention.

John Jacob Astor is rated at \$150,000,000, and is probably the richest man in America, the great bulk of his property consisting of real estate. He married a Miss Gibbs, of Charleston, S. C., and William Waldorf Astor, the ex Minister to Italy, is his only son. The old gentleman is a liberal liver and somewhat gouty.—[N. Y. World]

A woman is bound to have the last word. When the editor of the *Pennine* remonstrated with the principal contributor to the poet's corner of his valuable sheet, for writing on both sides of her paper, she quietly retorted: "Well, and don't you print on both sides of yours?"

The photograph of Ramesses II, the excavated Egyptian monarch, who was remarkable a few thousand years ago for his opposition to the Jews, proves conclusively that he never was as handsome a man as Judge Hilton.

The coming illusion will be the antipodes of the Vanishing Lady. Out of a small egg which grows gradually larger before the eyes of the spectators, will be produced a living girl.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—John Turnbull shipped Monday from here a car load of nice, fat hogs to Louisville.

—We not only sell family groceries, but harness, saddles and bridles. Hutchings & Chadwick.

—We have the nicest line of boots and shoes in town. Shoes from 5 cents to \$3.50. Give us a call. Hutchings & Chadwick.

—Born to the wife of Harrison Thurmond on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, a bouncing boy, and at the last report the little fellow was doing well.

—Monday night Collier's magician show appeared at the College hall and amused a considerable audience with its merry making and legerdemain performance.

—Come to the Christmas tree at the Christian church to night (Friday instead Saturday night, as was said last week) and bring your wiver, your children and your sweethearts.

—Married, here, on the 20th, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Robert Davis (of Rowland) and Miss Lucy Hickson. Mr. Davis is a brakeman on the L. & N. and his bride is said to be uncommonly handsome.

—Mr. John Bailey has moved his family from Main and is now comfortably quartered in A. M. Egbert's cottage on Stanford street, formerly occupied by J. Will James. Mr. James Hutchinson will re-occupy the rooms Mr. Bailey vacated.

—At a meeting of the members of the Baptist church, Rev. C. C. Green was discontinued in his pastorate for the coming year. Bro. Green has been a most ardent and zealous worker in the cause of christianity here, especially a Sunday school worker, and we will regret to see him depart elsewhere. Rev. John James will perhaps be called in his stead.

—John Minks, a laboring man living near here, was severely hurt by an explosion of gun powder last week. He was carrying a shovel of fire to the kitchen and passing under the door, above which there happened to be a bottle of powder. The bottle at that instant fell, striking the shovel, breaking and causing the explosion.

—W. M. O'Bryan, wife and son have returned home. Miss Florence Edmunds left Sunday for Louisville, where she will spend the holidays with friends. Mrs. Edwards went to Louisville Friday last. J. H. Carson is Christmasing at home. Miss Lou James is back from a pleasant visit to Danville. H. Turner was in town for the first time in a long while Sunday.

—Quite a brilliant affair was witnessed by the citizens of our town on Dec. 16th. This was the marriage of Mr. James L. Yantis, of Garrard, to Miss Mollie King, of this place, which was solemnized at the Baptist church by the Rev. G. W. Yancy, of Garrard. The friends of the bride had beautifully decorated the church for the occasion. Above the arch under which the happy couple stood, was a white dove, the sacred bird of Venus and the mystic symbol of love; in its mouth was an olive leaf, presaging a peaceful union. The bride was handsomely attired in blue cloth and velvet, with hair trimmed to match. The attendants were Mr. O. T. Layton and Miss Judith King; Mr. C. O. Robinson and Miss Nellie Yantis. Miss Annie Holmes executed the wedding march, while Messrs. J. W. Brooks and H. B. Farris seated the best men, who filled the church to its utmost capacity, thereby testifying with what love and esteem Miss King was held by those who have known her for so long. After the ceremony the bride and groom, attended by their suite, started for the groom's

home in lower Garrard. Mr. Yantis has indeed secured a jewel. Our best wishes go with them to their new home and thro' all the years of their lives.

LONGING IN VAIN.

Longing for peace and repose and bliss,
Longing for life I'll never more kiss,
Longing for love, for only this,
Longing in vain.

Longing for that I'll never more claim,
Longing to whisper her dear sweet name,
Longing, ah! me, it is ever the same,
Longing in vain.

Longing to smooth from her brow so fair,
The impress of toil, sorrow and care,
To call back the smiles she used to wear,
Longing in vain.

Longing to hear her footsteps so dear,
That silent have been for many a year;
Ah! their sound was music to mine ear,
Longing in vain.

Longing to stand once more by her chair,
To lay my hands once more on her hair,
Longing it will only be, I can never stand there,
Longing in vain.

Longing in vain for the form 'neath the soil,
For the dear, sweet face now hid by the cloud,
For the angel one safely resting with God,
Longing in vain.

Longing in vain, ah! longing in vain,
Why do I repeat it again and again?
For my heart is almost crushed with pain,
Longing in vain.

March 23, 1886; ELLA F. DOORES.

A justice of the peace delivered the following charge to the jury in the trial of his first case: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all of the evidence as well as myself, and you also heard what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you. If you believe it your verdict will be for plaintiff; but if on the other hand you believe what the counsel for the defense has told you, your verdict will be for the defendant; but if you are like myself, and don't believe what either of them has told you, then I will be d—d if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

The following notice in a Montana newspaper is not calculated to soothe the feelings of the thief who stole Mr. Sampson's bay mare. "The night of the 14th inst. a dark bay mare, 15 hands high, small white star in forehead, both hind feet white, was stolen from the stable of Ir. Simpson, the undersigned. I will give the mare and \$50 in cash for full and reliable particulars regarding the funeral of the thief. That's the kind of a man I am."

Barnard's comet, now visible in the northern sky, promises to be a tolerably conspicuous object in the evenings at the end of the month. The fact of its having three tails, two of which are only visible through a telescope, implies that the comet is in process of rapid disintegration and it is quite possible that, like the mysterious visitor discovered by Biela, it may never appear again in cometary form.

The notorious Mrs. Crawford, who played so prominent a part in the Dilke scandal, is going on the stage as a comedienne. It can not be denied that, according to some modern ideas of dramatic art, she is fully equipped to take a leading position in the profession.—[N. Y. Graphic]

A Canada bee keeper claims to have discovered that the bee sting is used by the worker to cap the cells and inject the formic acid which preserves the honey. He says it is for want of this acid that the uncapped honey will not keep when taken from the hive.

Green's Electric Oil cures all sores and pains. For sale by McRoberts & Stage at 50c.
Green's Golden Balm, sure cure for Catarrh at 50c, at McRoberts & Stage's.

OTTENHEIM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Eld. John Todd preached his farewell sermon Sunday at Mt. Olive church. Eld. Jasper Livingston will probably be called for the coming year. Niel Turnbull will be home from Mexico Wednesday. He has been conductor on a passenger train for nearly two years in that country. Clara Turnbull will give a supper for her many friends Christmas night. Of course Robt. Chappell will be there if Henry Fulmer has no objections. A. H. Bastin has been on the sick list for the last few days. It is agreed by the boys that Miss Clara Turnbull shall be called the Belle of Ottenheim. Miss Lullie Harris is visiting Mrs. J. T. Slavin. Miss Belle Anderson is visiting her brother at Crab Orchard. Two or three weddings are expected to occur about Christmas in this locality. For further particulars ask Wm. Adams and Edgar Graham. A few days ago David Hatcher killed a large wildcat near Garley Adams.

Rev. Dr. Talmage said in a late interview: "The summary of the whole thing is that this is a grand old world, and I want to stay in it as long as I can. I would not want to go out of it at all if I did not believe that there was a grander one. This is a good enough one for me for a long time yet."—[N. Y. Mail]

Mrs. Theodore Tilton is described as a lonely and heart-broken woman as she sits and sews from day to day, buried in the seclusion of a Protestant convent at Newark. Of her two daughters, one is living a student's life in Switzerland, and the other has found a home among friends in Chicago.—[New York Graphic]

Eleven old ladies held a tea party at Arcade, N. Y., the youngest being 71 years of age, the average 73 years and 2 months, and the combined ages 805; three were over 80 years; all had been married and nine were widows.—[Buffalo Express]

FIVE COMMANDS!

Thou shalt go to BOURNE'S for all thy Christmas Goods.
Reason: Bourne has just received direct from New York City the nicest and cheapest lot ever brought to this neck of the woods.
Thou shalt buy the medicines from Bourne.
Reason: Bourne's goods are pure. Thy life is too valuable to be sacrificed because of inert remedies.
Thou shalt marry soon, very soon.
Reason: The goose bone market this is a hard winter, and Bourne's toilet articles will make thee beautiful above thy fellows. (It thou dost not desire to marry, thou wilt desire to be envied because of thy beauty.)
Thou shalt go hunting and fishing. Bourne has the materials.
Thou shalt have a baby, a diddle, an accordion, violin strings, lamps, frames, pictures, mirrors, warranted jewelry.
Bourne has these and the finest lot of candles ever brought to Stanford.
Thou shalt keep in mind that Bourne is the cleverest man (except Dr. Cox) and the best man to deal with.
Reason: Bourne's is the place for you. —[Shakespeare]
In fact, the half of his glories and fine goods have not been told thee.

THE THOROUGHBRED

HOLSTEIN FRIESIAN BULL

MARQUIS OF ADELIN.

This fine Bull will stand the season now commencing at my stable on the Lancaster Pike, one half mile from Stanford Court House, a \$5 the season, with the privilege of breeding the cow until the cow proves in calf. Money due when cow is first served.
Marquis of Adeline's sire, Herbert, his sire Imported Apollo and Dam Imported Southern Beauty.
Marquis of Adeline's dam, Adeline, her sire Imported Uncle Tom—dam Imported Lady Fisher. For further particulars as to pedigree see H. F. H. B.

This is a very fine young Bull from a celebrated family of milkers including the cow Echo, the greatest of her day; her owner having received \$25,000 for her.

The Holstein-Friesian cattle have taken the lead in the best for the family, and a cross with the shorthorn produces a very fine animal. I will buy all the male calves begotten by this Bull at good prices delivered at weighing time.

W. H. MILLER, - - - - -

184-11

For Sale at a Bargain.

I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, &c. About an acre of ground in the lot. For terms, &c., apply to B. G. ALFORD, 108-11

Town Lot For Sale!

As representative of Mr. W. H. Anderson, I offer for sale privately his neat brick house and lot of two acres on Somerset Avenue in Stanford. The place has all the necessary improvements and is a very desirable one. Call on or address me at Stanford in regard to it. 108-11 P. M. McROBERTS.

NEWCOMB HOTEL.

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public. 33-4m M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

E. H. FOX,

The Photographer,

Danville, - - - - - Ky.

Frames Made to Order.

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

H. H. TAYLOR,

OLLOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

PIANOS!

Concert Grand, Parlor Grand, Baby Grand, Upright Grand, Square Grand.

We are opening the most carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist and prices range from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cultivated, refined tone and artist designs of these celebrated instruments.

The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos,

The Celebrated Clough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

Please communicate with us for catalogues, terms and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Agents, Stanford, Ky.

Or ROSE B. RICHARD, post-office.

References:—A. H. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Healey, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

108-11

It is our pleasure for the twelfth time to send our readers and patrons merry Christmas greetings. The joyous season is again upon us and the young are looking as fondly to it to-day and their anticipations are as bright and as happy as we remember ours were some thirty years ago. It is a season of holiday and festival that never grows old, and even among those who have grown to look upon the day as another swift passing mile-post on the short journey of life, it is not without its delights, if not of present realization, of bright memories awakened of the time when they too were young and all its possibilities before them. They enjoy the season only in memory and in seeing those they love pass the same happy moments, which were once so delightfully theirs. If age, infirmities and cares of life have taken away even this enjoyment, God pity them, but we hope and believe their number is few in the world. Even those can, however, experience the benefits of the scriptural promise, which says it is more blessed to give than to receive, and add to the happiness of some poor heart by giving some token of remembrance and appreciation to it. Let us all do what we can to contribute to the happiness of those with whom we come in contact, and in our enjoyment of the good things that God has given us, let us not forget the poor who are always with us. There are pretty hard times on them and we who have an abundance will feel all the better by giving them of our store. Let us remember too that we are celebrating the grandest and most glorious event that has ever or can ever be vouchsafed to man, the birth of the Savior of the world, and act as becomes such occasions. Certainly it is not the time for drunken revelry, if there is ever a time for it, and the man who thinks he needs must get drunk because it is Christmas, deserves to have it said of him that he has descended from the monkey. Extending the compliments of the season to all who shall read these lines, we commend the words spoken on the birth that we now celebrate: Joy on earth, peace and good will to men.

The New York Times says that Mr. Edmunds believes it would tend to corruption to give back to the president the right of removal. It tends very much more to corruption to have the removal depend on the joint action of the President and a majority of the Senate. The great safeguard against corruption is responsibility. Responsibility to one is much more definite, stringent and effective than responsibility to more than one, who must agree before any thing can be done. Responsibility toward the President on the one hand and two-score of Senators on the other amounts to very little.

In reviewing the late decision of the Court of Appeals in the Cornellison case, the Cincinnati Commercial has a scathing article on the infamous act in which it inclines to Mrs. Reed's theory of murder instead of suicide, owing to the circumstances in the room and the fact that Cornellison was seen coming from that office, where was Judge Reid with no other soul near, which indicates that Cornellison finding that his intended assassination of Judge Reid's life or prospects had failed, went there and completed his work.

A HANDFUL of republicans, who think they can catch the prohibitionists with any kind of a bait, met in secret conclave at Lexington Friday and adopted some high-sounding resolutions, framed to catch the unwary, but if they are as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves, they won't be caught by such chaff. That High Priest of Prohibition, Judge Fontaine T. Fox, Jr., saw into their little game and let the cat out of the bag, so that the wayfaring man, even though he be a fool, need not be trapped with soft solder.

Down in Hopkins county, where prohibition has been voted, the citizens who favor its enforcement have organized a court of inquiry, whose duty it is to see that the law is faithfully executed. They have already succeeded in having one fellow fined to the amount of \$1,000 and intend that prohibition shall be made to prohibit all over the county. Such a committee ought to be formed here.

CORNELLISON has been disbarred by Judge Cooper from practicing his court, because he caught him in a square lie in his effort to swear him off the bench. But this won't hurt the bloody fiend much, that is if he is forced to undergo the three years' punishment he has so richly earned and which the Court of Appeals says he must.

With his usual conservatism and clear-headedness, Grand Master Powderly has advised the Knights of Labor to have nothing to do with the condemned or any other anarchists and to steer clear of any political alliance.

There were only a little over 600 voters in Letcher at the last election, a big majority of them republicans, yet 50 of them have been indicted for selling their votes. The Circuit Court just closed found 190 indictments in all.

There were only 27 deaths in the Kentucky penitentiary during the year out of 1,024 convicts. This is a lower rate than

Dr. Woods' proposed celebration is thus mentioned by the Owensboro Messenger: "The Frankfort Capital suggests that we get up a grand celebration for the 6,000th anniversary of Adam in 1996. If the good doctor will pardon us we think that as none of us will be able to be there and raise Cain, the suggestion is not worth Adam. Still if the Doc gets up his celebration we would like to Noah 'bout it in time."

THE President is in earnest in his effort to help the deserving colored men who have always been democrats and has sent in for the second time the nomination of James C. Matthews, to be Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia. Matthews is a colored man from Albany, N. Y., and was appointed to succeed Fred Douglass, the nomination being rejected by the Senate.

THE Richmond Herald puts a quietus on the silly report started by the Danville Tribune that Senator Harris voted for Abraham Lincoln in 1861 by publishing the documentary evidence in the shape of the County Clerk's certificate that there is no grounds whatever for the charge.

It is said that the youngest member of Congress is a Hogg. There are a number of hogs in the body and this one might have his appellation changed to Pig to better distinguish him.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—It is reported that Matt Grose, brother of Marshal Grose, has drawn \$30,000 in a lottery.

—The Fort Worth & New Orleans railroad has been sold to C. P. Huntington for \$546,000.

—A bill to appropriate \$2,000,000 with which to build a government prison is before the House.

—Thirty houses were destroyed by fire in Galveston, Texas, all residences, and valued at \$100,000.

—The Louisville Southern Exposition and the Louisville Fair Association have gone into bankruptcy.

—The house has passed a bill to appropriate \$50,000 for the erection of a public building at Owensboro.

—A Chicago fool attempted to eat 30 quails in as many days, but broke down on the 28th and is now very ill.

—Isham King, who murdered a railroad conductor on the Cincinnati Southern, was given a life sentence at Williamsburg.

—It was not Editor Thomas D. Marcum's brother but a distant relative who was sent to the penitentiary for murder.

—At Nebraska City the board of education proclaimed a holiday so that the public school children could attend a murder trial.

—Miss Todd has been re-appointed postmaster at Cynthiana and Mary McAtee has been confirmed to the same office at Bardonia.

—During the year the Jewish population of the U. S. was increased by 27,338 emigrants.

—The Elytown Land Company, of Birmingham, has declared dividends of 135 per cent. of its capital during 1886, amounting to \$680,000.

—Gov. Alger, of Michigan, sends as a personal Christmas gift to each of the several charitable institutions of the State his check for \$100 to \$200.

—The entire town of Vilona, Faulkner county, Ark., was burned Monday night, every business house being simultaneously set on fire. The total loss is about \$150,000.

—Ex-Alderman McQuade, of New York, recently found guilty of accepting a bribe in the Broadway Surface railroad matter, was sentenced to 7 years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$5,000.

—Col. George W. Northrup, a well-known citizen of Louisville, and a prominent member of the Knights Templar, has gone hopelessly insane and has been placed in the asylum at Anchorage.

—The republican Senatorial entries in New York are Warner Miller, Levi P. Morton and Frank Hiscock, the chances being in the order named, though Morton is pressing Miller, the present Senator, closely.

—The prisoners in the jail at Lexington, led by Tuck Agee, sentenced to be hanged March 5th, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. They had prepared to scale the walls by means of blankets tied together.

—Under the Dow law the 12,000 liquor saloons in Ohio will pay into the public treasury an annual tax of more than \$2,000,000. For 40 years there has been "free trade" in that thriving branch of Ohio business.

—Paul Grottkau, editor of a Socialist organ, at Milwaukee, was sentenced to 30 days imprisonment at hard labor for the publication of a poem reflecting on the integrity of the court in the recent trial of the riot cases.

—William Muesell, the murderer of Daniel Christman, who was arrested near Greensfield, Ind., and taken to Eaton, O., was forcibly taken from jail by a mob and hanged at one of the principal business corners of the town.

—Congressman Reed, the defaulting North Carolina Congressman, is said to have gone to Canada, with no intention of returning to the United States. His constituents, it is said, will petition the House to declare his seat vacant.

—W. S. Queen & Co., of Richmond and Mt. Sterling, assigned to J. R. Burnam for the benefit of their creditors. The liabilities are not yet known. The stock at Richmond is estimated at \$5,000 and the one at Mt. Sterling at \$7,000.

—The jury in the Colin Campbell case returned a verdict finding that neither Lord nor Lady Colin was guilty of the offenses with which they were charged. This is the case in which so much nastiness was revealed in the trial.

—Col. Breckinridge has recommended Miss Mattie Todd for postmaster at Cynthiana. She is a first cousin of Mrs. Breckinridge. After Mr. Willis' experience the Colonel ought to fight shy of recommending widows with republican proclivities.

—A new counterfeit silver dollar is out, and is so perfect in weight and ring as to deceive experts. Its only defect is the letter "d" in the motto "In God We Trust," which is so slanted as to appear almost like an italic letter. The false coin is an Illinois production.

—The authorities at Richmond, Va., have been informed by the dying wife of Richard Shinnick, who kept a saloon in that city, but sold out and went West several months ago, that she saw her husband murder and rob a man about a year ago and secrete his body under the floor. It is thought that the man murdered was an officer from Staunton.

—Senator Vance in regard to the tariff says: "Revenue reform means with me not simply relief to the treasury by avoiding a surplus, but a relief to the people by reducing taxes on the necessities of life. In other words a tax reduction in the interest of the manufacturers is a fraud. The tax reduction which I want is that which looks to the interests of the Government and the people alone."

—The Labor Contract Bill, passed by the Senate of South Carolina, and intended to prevent the organization of Knights of Labor assemblies among farm hands, has been reported adversely by the House Judiciary Committee, which postpones the matter until the next session. The discussion of the measure has created much excitement among the colored people, who are never happier than when becoming members of some "society."

—John Skeen, an old man who lived near Campbellsville, wound up a spree by attacking his wife with a stick of stove wood and beating her over the head and face until it is supposed he thought he had killed her. He then got a shot-gun and placed it to the side of his head and fired, blowing the side and top of his head off. With his brains scattered about the room the man lived for an hour after the shot was fired. Skeen was about 60 years old and was a worthless character. He had no children.

—John Shearer, merchant and postmaster at Rad House, Madison county, who, it is alleged, has been criminally intimate with the wife of Taylor Rice, was shot and killed by the two sons of the latter Sunday night. Rice had recently left his wife on account of her intimacy with Shearer. He entered the house and by mistake got into the room of Alex. and Taylor Rice, who were aroused by the noise. Shearer opened fire on them with a revolver, firing four shots, none of which struck either of them. The boys returned fire, one with a pistol and the other with a double-barreled gun loaded with buckshot. All of their shots took effect in Shearer's body, and he fell dead before the fire in the family room, which he entered trying to escape from the volley of lead being fired at him. The boys delivered themselves up and were acquitted on their examining trial.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Several fine oil paintings by Miss Webb, an art teacher, are on exhibition at Curry's drug store.

—The Rentrow Musical Comedy Company exhibited to a good house Tuesday night. It was over an average entertainment.

—Mr. Graham, of Sumpter, S. C., is in town buying that class of stock known as "Southern horses." He shipped a car-load to his home to-day.

—A freight train jumped the track near the residence of Col. J. T. Fackler, south of town, at 4 o'clock this morning; no one hurt and but little damage done.

—James Haggin, son of John Haggin, who lives near Perryville, and who had been ill with diphtheria for several weeks, died yesterday. He was about 20 years old.

—There will be a Christmas tree for Sunday school children at Trinity church, a cantata at the Christian church and similar entertainments at the other churches, all on Christmas eve.

—Judge R. J. Breckinridge made a brief visit to St. Louis this week, but is now back attending to that legislative matter in a way that counts. Hon. John D. White, the ex-mountain Congressman, is in town.

—Miss Mary Duke, daughter of Col. Wm. Duke, of this place, who was injured by an accident on the Missouri Pacific railroad something over a year ago, has obtained judgment of \$5,000 at Independence, Mo., where the case was recently tried.

—Mrs. H. G. Sandifer and her little daughter, Katie, have returned from Indianapolis, where the latter has been under medical treatment. They will go back after the holidays. Mr. B. F. Phillips went to Newport to-day to spend Christmas with friends.

—Mr. J. M. Walton, a college student who took the Sophomore prize last year, a fine gold watch, went to the show Tuesday night and left his watch lying on the table and the door of his room open. Two of his college mates coming in soon after concluded to take the watch and keep it a while for a joke and the result was that Mr. Walton was much afraid his watch had been stolen until Wednesday evening when the boys gave it back.

—Mr. Oscar L. Gregory, traveling salesman for Price, Lucas & Co., Louisville, and Miss Attie Dunn, daughter of I. M. Dunn, of this county, were married Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, Rev. O. A. Bartholomew, of the Christian church, officiating. After spending a week with friends in the

county, they will go to Macon, Ga., where they will make their home until spring. Mr. Gregory's business being in the South. Mr. Sam Westerfield and Miss Annie Bowser, and Mr. David Leonard and Miss Anna Clord obtained marriage licenses on the 20th. The latter couple were married by Judge Lee in the clerk's office. Mr. Ben W. Durham, of Junction City, and Miss S. E. Irvine Hays, daughter of Mr. Samuel Hays, were married Wednesday evening by Rev. R. H. Caldwell at the residence of the bride's father. Mr. James H. Swope and Miss Mary Jessie King, daughter of the late Rev. S. H. King, obtained marriage license here on Wednesday and were married on Thursday by Rev. O. A. Bartholomew, at the home of the bride's mother, in Lincoln county. Mr. Swope and bride will spend a few days in Lexington, the guest of his brother, Col. A. M. Swope, after which they will return to their home in Lincoln county. Mr. Hugh Cosner and Miss Sarah Batey were married Thursday at the home of the bride's father, P. M. Batey, Rev. O. A. Bartholomew also officiating at this marriage.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—There is no note of preparation here for special celebration of the 25th, except in the usual display of toys and trinkets.

—Mr. S. Gann, one of our new citizens, a man probably over 80 years of age, was thrown from a wagon by a frightened team and falling backward, sustained serious injury. A collar-bone was broken and several severe contusions received, while it is feared that the shock to his system may result disastrously.

—THE INTERIOR JOURNAL never grows old. At each return of the great annual festival it renews its youth and plumes again its tireless wing, soaring anew for immortality. Generations may pass away; dynasties may change; stars may be obliterated from the heavens, and earthquakes rock the solid globe, but, confident in its integrity and imperturbable in its purpose, the essay sheet still utters its voice of cheer, its maxims of morality, its warnings of wisdom, its rebukes against iniquity. Long may its banners float upon the breeze; its untarnished shield be foremost in the fray, and its burnished lance be seen battling boldly for the right!

—I have been recalling recently some of the memories of pedagogical life during a somewhat protracted experience. As the wiles and the tricks, the conspiracies and complots of the average school boy loom up from the mists of the past, I feel that the conscientious teacher merits the sympathy and support of every right-minded citizen, while the successful teacher should wear at least a civic crown in honor of his tact and skill and indomitable patience. It is a little remarkable, too, that there has been but little change during 50 years in the material of which our schools are composed. Changes have been effected in almost everything else. Old systems in politics, art, science, customs, usages, have become old and been improved or superseded, but the school boy is still the same. His one idea, which seems to have been transmitted with his blood from the remotest generation, is that the teacher is his enemy and is to be circumvented and thwarted—his authority ignored and his efficacy destroyed by every embryo lover of human liberty. It was my purpose in alluding to this subject to record some reminiscences of school experience, but do not know where to begin. This much, however, can be said: I can point with pride to a long list known of yore and fondly remembered as former pupils, and tested since as life-long friends.

—The fire-fiends opened in force early in the week; and as there is no municipal law nor parental restraint to interfere with their orgies, there is a fair prospect that they may get up a grand illumination by incinerating our little old wooden town, which is as inflammable as a cargo of cotton. Can't our zealous reformers spare an hour to devote to a riddance of this most pestiferous nuisance? Can they not attach, by way of engrossed rider to some of their philanthropic legislation a provision for the suppression of pyrotechnics, conducted by irresponsible and reckless parties, in our door yards. By the way, does any lingering relic of a former generation remember the ancient mode of celebrating Christmas in Kentucky? The first grant act of preparation for the holiday week, was the aggregation of a tremendous wood pile—we didn't burn coal much then—at each homestead. Of course hogs had been killed, corn housed, turkeys fattened, nuts gathered, apples stored and cider—pretty well hardened. Every house in the neighborhood had made provision for the entertainment of fortuitous guests. At 9 o'clock P. M. saturnalia generally commenced by a salvo of artillery delivered in close proximity to the windows of the room in which the family were assembled. Instantly the doors were thrown wide open and a hearty invitation to enter accorded. Little time was spent in ceremony. Refreshments were handed round with cordial hospitality. Timid youths and blushing beauties exchanged the signals of rustic love making; and then the young men of the house, each provided with his trusty slint-lock, joined the band and proceeded to re-enact the scene at the nearest favored domicile. These visitations were looked for with peculiar interest. To be omitted from the program of the roystering visitants was a sentence of ostracism from "good society," and the most marked insult that could be offered to any rural homestead. The raid generally continued until after midnight, gaining recruits at every house, occasionally dropping out at a convenient barn some exhausted member, for whom the cider had proved too hard—and disbanding in good order to their homes.

Big Display

—OF—

CHRISTMAS GOODS

—AT—

T. R. WALTON'S,

Cor. Main and Somerset Sts.

I am now ready with a full and splendid assortment of Christmas Trix, embracing

Pretty Toys,
Delicious Candies,
Tropical Fruits,
All kinds of Nuts,
Freshest Cakes, &c.

ALL AT REASONABLE PRICES.

If you fail to see these goods before purchasing you will certainly regret it.

Please bear in mind that the following goods are also in stock, and that they are as nice and fresh as you could wish:

Citron, Layer and Seedless Raisins, Currants, Figs, Prunes, Mince Meat, Macaroni, Cheese, Oat Meal, Hominy, Beans, Krout, Honey, Butter and Soda Crackers, and Canned Goods in Great Variety

And while you are buying Christmas Goods, don't forget that he has all the

NECESSARIES OF LIFE,

All of which are as good, and perhaps a little better, than can be found anywhere else.

T. R. WALTON,

Cor. Main and Somerset Streets,

Stanford, Ky.

MARK HARDIN, Late of Monticello, Clerk.

FOR SPOT CASH !!

---We have concluded to adopt the---

CASH SYSTEM ON AND AFTER THE 1ST OF JANUARY 1887,

Believing when we do so that we will make it ADVANTAGEOUS both to ourselves and our CUSTOMERS. It will enable us to SAVE INTEREST on money we are COMPELLED TO BORROW to pay our city accounts; it will enable us to DISCOUNT all our city accounts; it will enable us to sell our customers

GOOD GOODS AT A MUCH CLOSER MARGIN

Than they ever bought them for in this market before; it will enable us to very materially REDUCE OUR ACTUAL EXPENSES. We will not have to charge such LARGE PROFITS on goods in in order to make off of our GOOD CUSTOMERS what we lose on our bad ones. In fact we will be able to

SAVE A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY IN THIS WAY

That we will use to the advantage of our trade. We will be amply repaid by

NOT HAVING TO WORRY AND FRET OVER OUR BOOKS

And having the mortification of always running about dunning our slow paying customers. You well know this is our home and we are going to stay, consequently

OUR MOTTO IS "LIVE AND LET LIVE"

We very gratefully thank our friends who have so freely patronized us in the past and sincerely hope you will do so in the future. If you are a judge of goods and prices

ALL WE ASK OF YOU IS, GIVE US A FAIR AND SQUARE TRIAL

And we will convince you we have your interest at stake as well as own. Again thanking you for your liberal patronage,
We are Most Sincerely,

OWSLEY & CRAIG,
Stanford, Ky.

W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.

CRAB ORCHARD.

Something about this Old Town of Eastern Lincoln.

Its Characteristics and Its Inhabitants.

ITS PAST AND ITS PRESENT.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal:] In a Christmas edition of the INTERIOR JOURNAL a year or two ago, I noticed quite a racy article upon the history of Lincoln county, especially that relating to Stanford and the western portion. Very little has ever been written concerning Crab Orchard and the east end, which, it seems to me, is as rich in data as any part of the county, and I propose in this paper to furnish some facts and details, partly historical and partly romantic, which I trust will contain something of interest to our citizens.

In giving a sketch of a particular section of country, or a township, it is usually customary to begin with a topographical description of it, but this is not necessary, when the locality is so well-known as the one I have chosen to bring before you. The source from which Crab Orchard derives its name is obvious in the appellation itself. Its present site was formerly covered with a dense thicket of crab apple trees and its first inhabitants, having something of the old Roman custom of naming things from characteristic features, very appropriately called the place Crab Orchard; a name it still retains, tho' the wealth of bitter fruit has long since vanished and the pioneers who first beheld it have many years ago consigned their bones to their last resting place. Where the first settlement was made here is not known, nor are there any records to show when first erected a house within its present limits. Col. William Whitley, one of Kentucky's most noted pioneers, in 1776 or '77 settled near the headwaters of Cedar Creek, about two miles west of Crab Orchard. His settlement he called Whitley's Station, and being on the usually traveled route to Virginia, it became a station of considerable importance. It was not composed of cabins, protected by block-houses, like other settlements, but consisted of a large brick building, said to be the first one in Kentucky. It still stands in an excellent state of preservation, an object of wonder to those who know of its historical associations. It belongs now to Mr. Stephen Pennington, having passed from its original owner, the Whitleys. Its antique and unique in every respect. The brick are so placed as to form perfect diamonds. In the front, inwrought with the solid masonry, are the initials, very large, of the old pioneer's name. At the back of the house are those of his wife. The windows are uncommonly small and high above the ground. National figures ornament the interior, such as eagles, flags and the number "13," all mechanically carved.

Here the old pioneer and Indian fighter and his family lived; here gathered many a war party, ere it started on an expedition against the Indians; here the volunteers for the Nicks-Jack campaign assembled; here the pioneers coming from the East stopped to refresh themselves and families. One in viewing this ancient building and its surroundings, can well imagine what scenes were beheld there. The Indian was no stranger; his whoop was often heard; the heat and excitement of the chase, the hunter returning with his game were daily sight; and sometimes, yes, not infrequently, the red man's deadly war cry resounded through the thickets of crab. But things were changed. Peace came; the savages were no longer hostile. The inmates of the brick fort went forth to hunt and till the soil unmolested and before many years elapsed, Whitley's was changed to a site further east, designated Crab Orchard. It seems the levelness of the country and the fine mineral waters, for which Crab Orchard is yet famous, drew the occupants of Whitley's to it. This is the account generally received of its founding.

The oldest citizens say that Crab Orchard first derived its notoriety from its waters and its close proximity to a fine hunting region, but principally from its being the eastern outpost of the Kentucky settlements. The "Old Wilderness Road," now the turnpike leading to Stanford, ran directly through it and the settlers coming and going doubtless increased its importance, much as in the same manner a railroad does nowadays; so you see it early became a place of importance and I am told was before the war the principal place in the county, as to business and traffic. Then there were no railroads running through the hills of eastern Kentucky, and all goods destined for that section had to be transferred by wagons to their destinations. Then it was that the "Wilderness Road" began to look like a thoroughfare and Crab Orchard an emporium, the Alexander of the mountain country; for it was a depot for all goods intended to go eastward. Wagons coming and going, loading and unloading, told of its extensive traffic. Here were wholesale merchants, who disseminated stores of all kinds over the mountains to an hundred minor establishments. Crab Orchard was then looked upon as almost a little city and business turned her hundred thrifty hands, where the delicate silk-like fragrance of idleness and pleasure now are seen.

In 1833 that fearful scourge of men, cholera, breathed its polluting breath over the town and many of its inhabitants withered away. In 1838 the plague was renewed, causing many new graves to be made in the churchyard. A beloved uncle was carried off by its second visitation. Persons visiting Crab Orchard now no doubt think it but a little scab-worm village, but tell me what place would not become macerated or somewhat stunned by disease and calamity? In 1845 a great conflagration laid in ashes the best part of the town. Both sides of Main street for a quarter of a mile was burned, including nearly all the business houses. It made a blackened waste, where showy shops and capacious warehouses once stood. From this hurricane-like blast it never recovered, and in 1861 another completed what its predecessor had left; and the railroad coming a few years later drew from it nearly all of its commercial importance.

But despite these misfortunes Crab Orchard was not left wholly destitute of attraction. More than fifty years ago her springs of mineral waters were opened up, and the celebrity of them going far and near, has brought visitors from many sections, and there have not been wanting enterprising men to make suitable accommodations for them. Around these springs, which are virtually in the town, a magnificent pile of buildings have arisen, and Crab Orchard Springs are now resorted to by people from every State. Besides the Springs, was a race-course, the theatre for blooded stock of the Bluegrass Region. Hither came the rich turfmen with their fine racers to test their speed. Many records, surpassed perhaps by few of latter days, were made here, but

"The spell is broken, the charm is flown." Kentucky's thoroughbreds run on other ground, and the once gay track of Crab Orchard, now, never feels the shock of the flying courser's feet. It was owned formerly by Mr. Henry Farris, but I understand has lately been sold to Col. J. W. Guest. A little money mixed with that noted turfman's influence may make it what it was once. At Crab Orchard, too, nearly every year was a celebration, picnic or barbecue in honor of somebody or some event, as that in honor of Gen. Harrison's election in 1840, or the "Hancock and English" jollification in 1880. Individuals from far and near came to hear the eloquence of Kentucky and participate in the enthusiasm. Not long ago the decayed remains of the flag pole that upheld the stars and stripes of the Harrison triumph were taken from the square in the presence of a wondering throng. A white-haired man standing by soon explained the mystery. So you see that Crab Orchard is more a place of resort than of business; but here of late its trade is reviving and it is to be hoped that the coming year, ushered in by prohibition will see its site still more improved. In the summer, when the springs are in full blast, it is the gayest and fairest place in all christendom.

During the civil war troops were quartered at Crab Orchard several times, both union and confederate. There alternately terrified the citizens as the news of victory or defeat reached them. Here Gen. Thomas as for a while fixed his headquarters. Here Burnside came with his staff. Some of the villagers yet remember the handsome, whiskered officer, who sojourned among them. Through Crab Orchard after the disastrous battle of Perryville retreated Bragg's routed army, followed by the victorious standard of Buell. Well do the inhabitants recall the fright and terror, these columns produced. Later Gen. Pegram was also here. John H. Morgan, the daring Southerner, feasted his dashing cavalry here on the confiscated property of the unionists. The citizens still, especially the women, recount the deeds of this chieftain; how he plundered shops and "made the yankees tremble." Just in the blue hills south of the town dwelt Jim Bridgewater, the Rhodoric Dhu of Lincoln. Often through the streets of Crab Orchard rode he and his like men, with shining bayonets and burnished pistols infusing a sense of fear and indignation in the inhabitants.

If one could read all the records of some of the houses here he might compile several volumes of war and romance, one in particular, the "Old Corner Hotel" as it is called. This is considered by the aged as the oldest house in Crab Orchard, and doubtless they are not mistaken. Here at this old ruin the soldiers used to hold their riotous bacchanals; here the venerable Dr. Graham was pricked with bayonets because he would not take the oath of allegiance; here lived several landlords of notoriety, whose careers may be traced from the Grumdis of the town; here the politicians proclaimed—and do to this day—their messages of imports to the people. Some of the commonwealth's greatest and least have spoken here. Here the youngsters of the village, when the looting season came, in which is not like the season of war and dry within the tropics with a beginning and an end—come to crack their jokes and observe what is going on around. Here, too, at this old hotel lived Walter G. Saunders, a plain, unassuming man, but dreadful when his will was crossed. He it was who slew Bridgewater and did other deeds of daring. Nor is romance such as that in which the fair and brave are concerned unrepresented here; but would take a Scott, Irving or Porter to develop it. Not a few of Crab Orchard's citizens have made themselves known abroad. "But who are they?" you will doubtless ask. Come and go back with me a few years and trace down to the present. Here resided John Smith, the eccentric yet a famous preacher of the mountains, once ministered to his flock. Here Moses Foly, equally renowned, stirred congregations

that might do reverence to a Talmage or a Jones. Here lived the lamented John Fred Tarrant, a scholar and a writer. His widow, an accomplished southern lady, lives here to-day and conducts a school. Here lived and died Ella F. Doones—delicate child of fancy, how much does she remind me of the Davidson sisters. Here Col. W. G. Welch, the prince of forensic lawyers, was born and reared. Here Judge W. O. Hansford, an ex-legislator and a genial politician pours fourth his wit and sarcasm and last, but not least, here lives Hon. Fountain Fox Bobbitt, the "Cicero of the Mountains," a curious complication of learning, cynicism and ridicule. Like Cato, the censor, to day you see him in the field, to-morrow in the halls of eloquence. The branches of some noble families are also represented here. As the Buchanans of Scotch renown; the Bruces, made world renowned by King Robert at Bannockburn—in the person of Mrs. W. O. Hansford; the Egberts, descendants of England's first King; and the Montgomerys and Whitleys. The Shelys, aristocrats of Kentucky, once had a heritage here, but have removed to their beautiful home, "Arcadia."

Such are some of the details of Crab Orchard and her citizens; quoting a remark of Col. Will S. Hays, Kentucky's greatest song writer, who spent the summer here, I close. He says: "Crab Orchard is a pleasing little town and contains more pretty girls to the square acre than any other town of its size in the Union." Long live the colonel and his songs. ROBT. L. DAVIS.

Answered the Trumpet Call.

Rev. J. G. Wood, the well known English writer on natural history, relates the following true story in his recent book on the horse.

"Some years ago an elderly gentleman died, leaving to his widow all his property, including an old and staid horse. It so happened that there was a review in the neighborhood, and the old lady, who was stone deaf, drove over to see it. During the maneuvers a regiment of cavalry passed her and as they did so the trumpeter blew on his instrument some signal which she from her deafness did not hear. The horse, however heard and understood the trumpet call. Old as he was he sprang off at full speed, galloped into the ranks, and put himself in line with perfect accuracy. The signal to charge was then given, and off went the horse with his comrades. The old lady shrieked and dragged at the reins to no purpose. Where the regiment went the horse went; when it wheeled he wheeled and when it charged he charged, dragging his expostulating mistress after him through the whole of the maneuver."

"After the review was over the officers crowded round the old horse, who evidently had belonged to the cavalry, and offered a very high price for him, in order to make a regiment pet of him. The offer, however was refused."—[Harper's Young People.]

The Porkpucker's strike has called attention to the value of accumulated wealth in large industrial operations. Before these immense obstructions were instituted, butchering was done in a retail and very wasteful way. An unnecessary number of small employers had to be supported, unnecessary rents were paid, and both consumer and producer were needlessly taxed. But the Armour, Swifts, and other large employers now kill millions of cattle, literally for nothing, and make their profits out of the hoofs, horns, entrails, grease and other parts of the animals killed, that were formerly thrown away. The breeder actually gets about all that the wholesale buyer pays for the dressed carcasses. Hence, under this system, while a few retail butchers have been driven out of trade, the vast bulk of the producers and consumers of meat are very greatly benefited. The one gets his animal killed for nothing; the other procures his dressed carcass for cost price. The waste of the animal pays the expense of the transfer. It would be well to keep this fact in mind, when demagogues complain of monopolies.—[Democrat's Monthly for January.]

The decision that sends Cornelison to jail for three years is a vindication of Kentucky justice. There never was a more cowardly crime than the cowardly which drove Judge Richard Reid to suicide. The Court of Appeals decision is learned and logical, but the reference to Judge Reid's "peculiar" moral and physical condition shows that this Kentucky decision, even while it vindicates the propriety of the Kentucky law, the man who let himself be cowardly and allowed his assistant to survive to go to jail, will always be considered a man of peculiar moral nature in Kentucky.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Nobody outside of the profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to please some of his patrons. For instance a western paper announces as follows: "Mr. Maguire will write himself before he assumes the office of Sheriff." This made Mr. Maguire mad and he demanded a retraction, which the paper made. "Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will write himself before he assumes the office of Sheriff." Old Maguire this only enraged Maguire the more. Some people are so hard to please.—[Texas Siftings.]

"Did you gain flesh?" going to the beach this year, Grantly? "I did, indeed, Brown; gained 125 pounds." "Pshaw! impossible!" "Fact, my dear fellow. Come up to the house and I'll introduce you to her. We were married last week."

If a farmer pays \$250 for a twice binder in the spring, and gets \$140 worth of wheat in it in the summer, how long will the binder have to stand out in the weather to get a mortgage on the farm.—[The Vindicator.]

CICELY CHRYSTAL.

The lecture was just over. We four girls, the lecturers, were standing, notebooks in hand, in a little group in the corridor, talking in subdued tones, consulting one another on a knotty point in the history of a grand jury. The lecturer came out of the lecture room and passed us. He bowed gravely as he passed, and went hastily down the stairs, his college cap in his hand, his long gown falling limply about his waist, this figure. We were silent until he was out of sight; then our tongues were loosed, and we no longer spoke in subdued tones.

"Poor young man!" said Lottie, feelingly. "He is grave as a judge," said Nell. "That," said Claudia, wearily, "is nervousness. He is nervous, girls—nervous of us." But it was I who had most to say. I leaned against the balusters, with my face toward the open door of the lecture room, and gave the girls the benefit of all my observations. "Yes, he is nervous," I said. "Poor young man, he is shy! When I asked him if the grand jury still existed he blushed, girls—oh, he is copper colored to start with, I know, but he blushed through the copper color."

"For your ignorance, perhaps," suggested Claudia. "He is very shy," said I. "He is not used, I expect, to teaching girls. He cannot forget that we are girls. He waited—did you notice—until we had left the room; the other lecturers stalked before us. I think he wanted to open the door for us and to bow us out. Oh, poor young man, he is shy—shy and young!"

The girls were frowning at me. Claudia was touching my elbow, with mysterious meaning on one side; Nell pulling my sleeve imperatively on the other. Lottie formed her lips into a silent "hush."

"Shy and young—very young!—what is the matter?" I said. "Nobodies answered me. No answer, indeed, was needed. At that moment our lecturer passed us again and went back into the lecture room. He had come up the stairs behind me—he must have heard me. He seemed to glance my way as he passed. There seemed to be a twinkle in his gray-blue eyes. The girls moved slowly away, but I turned precipitately and fled.

Past the lecture room door, along the corridor, upstairs I fled, to my own little room (study, bedchamber and reception room, near the sky).

Perhaps, after all, I thought, trying to comfort myself, he had not heard me. My voice, alas! was clear as a bell; I was an only girl in a family of boys—a spoiled girl who had never been taught to be meek and silent in the presence of her brothers—a talkative girl who had learned to make herself heard in any babel of louder and gruffer voices. But perhaps he had been thinking—not listening—meditating on the Mark system, trial by jury, or the disruptive tendency of feudal government. But no, said the girls, he must have heard; there was no doubt whatever that he had heard me.

The girls were as happy as usual. They could contemplate the situation tranquilly; it even afforded them amusement; they found something humorous in my discomfiture. It was I, not they, whom he had overheard.

We sat in a half circle on the floor before the fire that night in our pretty bright dressing gowns, and drank cocoa and ate sweet biscuits before going to bed. I was hostess. The study, the little tin kettle singing on the hob, the blue and white china, the cocoa, the sweet biscuits, were all mine. We four friends gave cocoa parties in turn. To-morrow Claudia would provide the feast. Yesterday Nell had been hostess. Cocoa was the chief dissipation of our college. We gave "cocoas" as our brothers gave "winos." It was a drink easily made, inexpensive, nutritious.

We set round the fire on the floor, talking and laughing, holding our tea-cups and stirring our cocoa slowly and absent-mindedly as we talked. My guests were merry, but I to-night was unusually silent and depressed.

"After all," said Claudia sensibly, trying to comfort me—"after all, what did you say, Cis! Nothing—nothing, at all events, that mattered. You said he was young. Well, that is true. How old, girls, do you imagine he is?"

"Twenty-five," said Lottie. "Twenty-four," said Nell. "Very young," said Claudia conclusively. "Then you called him shy—well, he is shy. You said he blushed—well, he does blush."

"That is just it," I groaned. "It is all so true."

"He will think you observant," said Nell, nibbling the sugar from her biscuit with slow epicurean enjoyment.

"He will think, at all events, that you are interested in him," said Lottie cheerfully.

"Poor Cis—poor Cis!" said the girls sympathetically. "And Saturday is coming and you will be forced to see him. You poor, poor Cicely!"

Yes, Saturday was coming. On Wednesday and Thursday and Friday I went about with a constant consciousness of Saturday's inevitable advance. Our lecturer had stated that on Saturday afternoon he would be pleased to go through our papers with us, to discuss points of interest, explain difficulties and remove possible misconceptions. We were to go to him singly. I was to go alone to the man who I had said was grave, his manner and thought of me as a girl and could not forget that I was a girl, whom I called copper colored, who I had said blushed. The thought was terrible.

Saturday came. The girls were cheerful. "Go first, Cis," they said—"go first and get it over."

"Yes, I will go first," I said. But when he came I faltered and put off the evil moment, and Claudia, Nell and Lottie all went in before me.

"He is not shy to-day," reported Nell on her return. "I think, Cis, that perhaps we were mistaken about him. Or, perhaps, he was under the impression that we were learned girls; after our papers and our chatter he knows us better and thinks very little of us. He is so calm—horribly solemn! And no old man could be so severe. Oh, he is quite at his ease."

Nell had reported truly. He was quite at his ease. He was sitting waiting at a table which had pens and ink and papers on it, there was no expectancy in his attitude; he seemed a little bored, indeed; he sat with his back towards the door, one elbow on the table, his hand propping his chin. He rose when he heard me, and looked at me calmly enough as he shook hands.

"Miss Chrystal?" he said. "Yes," I said meekly.

He looked at a chair that stood beside his at the table and I sat down with a feeling of obedience. His face was grave, his manner, as Nell had said, severe; I wondered how I could have thought him nervous; he looked quite unaffected by the consciousness that his pupil was a girl. He seated himself beside me and drew a corrected exercise toward him.

"This, I think, is your paper, Miss Chrystal?"

"Yes," I said, in a small voice—I-I think so, Mr. Tudor."

He was turning the pages slowly and gravely. I sat looking down at my hands folded meekly on the table, and did not see his face.

"Your first answer is—quite inadequate."

"The first part of Stubbs is—very difficult," I said, venturing to look up.

There was a strange, quick little twinkle for a moment in his eyes as he glanced at me; but his lips did not smile.

"In the next question," he said, slowly, "you confuse—or seem to confuse—two things, the constitutions and the assize of Clarendon—a slip, perhaps?"

He was looking steadily and calmly at me, waiting. For the first time in my life I felt small and young and meek. I forgot that I was 19, and no longer a schoolgirl. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own ignorance. "No—it was not a slip," I said. "Constitutional history is quite—quite new to me."

"So I had gathered from your paper," he said quietly.

His very gravity and quietness seemed like hitherto satire. He said he did not grasp my theory here—did not follow my argument there. And I had no theory—I could not follow my own argument. He grew more grave and quiet and slow. The lump in my throat grew larger every moment. If I had been brought up in a family of girls I should have burst into tears before him. I sat still and looked at my brown fingers clasping one another, and answered briefly.

At last he pushed back his chair a little, and gave me my paper folded.

"You will have to read very steadily, Miss Chrystal."

"Yes," I said, in a small voice.

"For some months."

"Yes," I said again.

"The rest of the class are far ahead of you."

"Yes—yes—I know," I said.

He seemed to have nothing more—wholesomely humiliating—to say to me, and I understood that the interview might end, and rose to go. He rose, too, immediately. Most of our lecturers nodded at us and sat still. Mr. Tudor conceded something to my girlhood; he stood when I stood, and remained standing as he continued to speak to me. He threw out a crumb of praise.

"Your style is clear," he said. "When you deal with subjects within your grasp—when you do not get out of your depth—your style is clear, decidedly. Not an altogether historical style, but lucid."

I felt that, on the whole, his blame had been less humiliating than this praise. He held open the door for me, and shook hands gravely, with a quiet smile.

"Good afternoon," he said.

"Good afternoon," I replied, and I fled. The girls had invaded my study and were lazily stretched on my bed and window seat and rug waiting for me.

"Well?" they said.

I sat down beside Claudia on the hearth rug and told my corrected paper into small atoms and burned them. "I hate him," I said, poking the fire vigorously and pushing the smoldering paper into the flames—"I hate him! He thinks me conceited! He thinks me horrible! He tries to be satirical because he thinks me puffed up. He laughs at me—I saw it in his eyes—more than once—always—every time I looked at him. I said—I said he blushed—I said he thought of me as a girl—I said he blushed because I spoke to him. And he despises me! And he will never, never forget."

And there I forgot that I belonged to a family of boys where no one ever wept, and burst into sudden tears; and Claudia, Nell and Lottie fell to comforting me.

As the weeks went on I grew more and more convinced that I hated and always should hate Mr. Tudor—that he thought me young, ignorant, stupid, flippant, spoiled and conceited; that he despised my intellect, remembered my foolish speeches and always would remember them. His eyes had a way of twinkling when he looked at me and looked away again; all the perplexing questions seemed to fall to me, and his lips twitched when I spoke of gavelkind as a custom duty, and found Wolsey guilty under the statute of purveyance. He seemed to enjoy my blunders; the worst mistakes of Claudia, Nell and Lottie seemed to provoke in him even a temptation to smile.

But the bad half hour in my week was on Saturday afternoons when I went alone to him, and sat by his side while he spread out that week's history paper of mine before him, and commented on its faults and required an explanation of its ambiguities, and waited patiently with most courteous attention for my answers. Now and then, glancing up at him quickly, I caught a gleam of laughter deep down in his eyes. Yet when he spoke his voice was slow and grave and weighty.

It was Saturday afternoon in the middle of the term. I sat beside him at the table, listening meekly to his criticisms.

"You miss the point here, Miss Chrystal."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"And here you speak of impeachment as though it were procedure by bill."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"That is a somewhat grave mistake."

I could not acquiesce again. And the monosyllabic "yes" was the only form of answer that came to me.

"And here, I think, you were required to discuss the constitutional importance of these events."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"You have not done so, Miss Chrystal."

"No—I am afraid—I am afraid not."

"You mistook the question, possibly?"

He was looking gravely at me, waiting. My spoken answer, like my written answer, was not very very much to the point. I spoke desperately.

"What is the good of it all?" I said. "What does it matter about the judicial system, and who has the control of taxation? What does it matter about the parliament, and the courts, and all the dull old laws? One can't really care for the constitution."

I had time, while he sat surveying me, to feel ashamed of my babyish, passionate speech.

"What made you think of devoting yourself to the study of constitutional history?" he said, with gentle surprise. His gentleness seemed like satire. My eyes, in spite of myself, suddenly filled with tears. Suddenly, he looked away from me. He asked me no more questions. For the next five minutes he talked rapidly, without a pause. When I absolutely blinked back my tears and glanced at him, he was diligently disfiguring my history paper with crooked circles, and his face was less brown than ruddy.

After that day his eyes ceased to twinkle when he looked at me; he passed me over in class and put the puzzling questions to Nell and Claudia, and was almost gentle when I went alone to him. He gave up asking me to expound this theory and that argument which he had failed to follow; and, when he was forced to condemn my work, he worded his blame mildly and looked away as he spoke.

"He has forgiven you, Cis," said the girls. "He completely ignores you now—for which you are thankful, Cis, are you not?"

"Very thankful," I said. I said it impulsively, for I needed to convince myself as well as the girls.

I was inconsistent, for I began to wish that he would find me amusing again, and to feel pangs of disappointment in class when he passed me over, and to desire with quite unreasonable eagerness, that he should look at me again, even if his eyes should have laughter in their depths.

But every week the laughter seemed further away. And if he was grave in class, he was

grave still on Saturdays. He gazed steadily at my paper as he discussed it, and discussed it as though in a dream. He no longer thought me flippant, and conceited, and tried to cure me. He no longer thought of me at all.

It was only at the end of the term that he set aside his perfunctory tutor manner.

"Are you going home, Miss Chrystal?" he asked me hesitatingly.

"Yes. Not at once though. For a week or two I am going to stay with Claudia—Miss Harrison, I mean. Then she will come home with me."

"I may be spending my holidays near you. Perhaps—possibly—we may meet each other."

"Oh yes, very possibly," I said. And suddenly I felt light hearted at the thought of holidays. There was a little pause, and I rose and held out my hand.

"It is somewhere in Devonshire, is it not?" he said.

"Your home."

"Yes, Axton East. Quite a little place on the coast. Have your friends there, Mr. Tudor?"

"No," he said, doubtfully. "I believe—I believe the fishing is good." And it did not strike me as strange that he should be going to a place in which he had no friends, and of which he did not know the name and county.

But I did not tell the girls what he had told me. It was only at the end of my visit to Claudia that I broke the news to her. I broke it casually.

"He came for the fishing," I said. "And father and the boys seem—accidently—to have come across him."

"Never mind, said Claudia.

"No, it does not matter," I said, resignedly. But Claudia was sympathetic next day when we arrived at Axton East. In a short fortnight Mr. Tudor had made great strides toward friendship with all at home. He had found favor with father and the boys; his hotel was comfortable and he dined frequently. He came and went at all hours, laughed and smoked with the boys, and talked sensibly like an old friend with father. He was more bronzed than ever; for a fortnight he had been fishing and rowing and walking with energy. He laughed as I had sometimes suspected he could laugh; he had left his tutor manners behind him with cap and gown. Suddenly now, at the end of a fortnight, he had grown tired of fishing and of lonely boating and walking. He haunted our house; he seemed to be always where I was. Claudia was sympathetic. And, somehow, I felt traitorous when I received her sympathy.

It was a still, warm summer evening a day or two after our arrival. We were in the drawing room down stairs, and the French windows were open wide. Father was showing Mr. Tudor some views of places abroad where he had been stationed at different times. Suddenly, on the still air, came a voice from the garden. Claudia was coming up the path with my brother George.

"And that is the story," she said. "It doesn't seem quite a modest thing to say a man blushes when you speak to him. Poor Cis! she has never been happy in his presence since. He will spoil her holidays. We try to praise him sometimes, but as for Cis, she will never say anything good of him. She really dislikes him now."

"That's a pity," said George, "for Tudor—poor beggar—is in love with her."

I do not think father had heard; he was engrossed in photographs in China. I did not venture to look at Mr. Tudor. I do not think that he looked at me. But an anecdote which father was relating was now to us when he told it again next day.

It was an hour or two later that we found ourselves alone together. But George's words were ringing in my brain still. It seemed natural, now that we were alone, that he should go back at once straight to those words. "It is true," he said gently. "I did not mean to tell you yet. I meant to try to win your love first."

I did not speak. He was standing near me by the open window, and he took my hand, and I let it rest in his.

"Do I spoil your holidays?" he asked gravely. "Are you unhappy, as your friend says, because I am here?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I do not think that Claudia knows," I answered.

"Cisley, I am very bold," he said eagerly—"very bold to speak to you now as soon. If I make you unhappy I will go. If I have no chance—no chance at all—tell me, Cicely, and send me away."

But I said nothing.

"Send me away now," he said, pleadingly. I looked up at him. I could think of no proper answer. "I do not want to send you away," I said.—Sheldon Clarke in Belgravia.

A Fine Point.

The trustees of a church at Akron, O., presented a member with a bill for twenty-seven years' rent of the other place in China. I did not venture to look at Mr. Tudor. I do not think that he looked at me. But an anecdote which father was relating was now to us when he told it again next day.

It was an hour or two later that we found ourselves alone together. But George's words were ringing in my brain still. It seemed natural, now that we were alone, that he should go back at once straight to those words. "It is true," he said gently. "I did not mean to tell you yet. I meant to try to win your love first."

I did not speak. He was standing near me by the open window, and he took my hand, and I let it rest in his.

"Do I spoil your holidays?" he asked gravely. "Are you unhappy, as your friend says, because I am here?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I do not think that Claudia knows," I answered.

"Cisley, I am very bold," he said eagerly—"very bold to speak to you now as soon. If I make you unhappy I will go. If I have no chance—no chance at all—tell me, Cicely, and send me away."

But I said nothing.

"Send me away now," he said, pleadingly. I looked up at him. I could think of no proper answer. "I do not want to send you away," I said.—Sheldon Clarke in Belgravia.

His Occupation.

GOD IS LOVE
AND NOTHING ELSE

PRAISE THE LORD.

STEAMER GRANITE STATE, Dec. 20, '86.
DEAR INTERIOR.—We are approaching Cairo and the junction of the Ohio with the great "Father of Waters." I have little to add to my communication mailed at Evansville, Ind. The weather has been bitterly cold, not rising in large measure to the moon, where roasting coal stoves keep the temperature up. We have scraped acquaintance with our fellow passengers and already feel very much interested in them, as we know their histories, little and big, and find them so much like our own. How monotonously alike are all human lives, after one gets beneath the web of circumstances that constitute the seemingly endless surface variety! The same old "fight for life"—physical, intellectual and spiritual—the same old "apprehension of the devil," the same feeling out for a helping hand in the darkness. "It help it may be found."

Yesterday we had two services—morning and evening—well-attended and much blessed, as we have reason to believe. Our Captain is a Christian and the clerk an old Calvary Baptist, and on our meeting there in 1880. All the officers and servants are most kindly attentive and courteous.

We passed Henderson and Paducah both in the night. Evansville is the only place above the average village "landing" we have yet seen on our way.

"Floodin' down de ribber on de Ohio," as a half-forgotten negro melody of my boyhood describes it.

We have a lovely baby aboard, which is being immensely spoiled by the girls with unbounded "winking"—cutting out no end of satisfactory work for its poor mamma, after the petting and the roving are over.

We seem to be getting a long way from "home" again, somehow. Adieu!
Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

AFRICANS.

—The Baptists of Winchester are preparing to build a \$10,000 church.

—Miss Dora Rankin, for many years a missionary of the M. E. Church, South, died in Shanghai, China, on the 14th inst.

—Rev. N. Singleton, State Evangelist of the African Methodist church will preach at Liberty Sunday, January 1; Yemassee Thursday night, 6th, and Kings Mountain 21 Sunday in January.

—Rev. B. M. Hobson, a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church, died at Springfield, Mo., aged 76 years. He was formerly pastor of churches in Louisville, Augusta and Cincinnati.

—James F. Epperson, aged 16, and Miss Myra Weldon, aged 17, of Bourbon county, eloped to Aberdeen, Ohio, and were married. They will probably be spanked and forgiven on their return.

—Rev. W. W. Downs has brought suit with Ben Butler as his attorney to recover \$6,000 from the Boston Baptist church, of which he was pastor, claiming the amount as back salary. The case is on trial and preachers and congregations will watch the result with interest.

—Rev. Charles Meuninger, D. D., the rector of St. Paul's P. E. church, Richmond, Va., has resigned on account of old age. He was rector of St. Paul's church when Jefferson Davis attended service there, and was reading services when a messenger entered the church and informed Mr. Davis that Lee had retreated from Petersburg and the city must be evacuated.

—Mr. Barnes, expressing a desire to be buried, if he has to be, in the beautiful cemetery at Frankfort, the citizens have purchased a lot in it for him. The chosen site of his grave is on the brow of the hill beneath a group of stately forest trees and 100 feet or more in an almost state of perpendicularity above the river, from which a beautiful view of the city may be obtained.

Presented to Miss Sallie Traylor a gold pen and holder for having improved most in writing, and Miss Carrie Holzman, a book, entitled Milton's poems for best scholarship, by Miss Maggie Brown, teacher of White Oak school.

Young girls love presents to receive, They felt delighted as all believe, And to their teacher kindly say, "We are glad we studied well each day. X."

—Another fellow was not satisfied to let well enough alone. In June, 1885, R. G. Forman was tried and convicted of murder at Mt. Sterling, receiving a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment. He prayed an appeal and the case was reversed by the Court of Appeals. His second trial closed Wednesday and this time the jury gave him twenty-one years in the penitentiary.

—The technical word "feloniously" having been properly inserted in the Kaelin indictment, matters are about arranged to give wife-murderer Kaelin another trial. It is of course eminently proper that it should go before the jury that Kaelin's horrible butchery of his wife was felonious. Here is a not very complimentary picture of our court practice.—Louisville Commercial.

—Gov. Hill, of New York, has given Emma Drose, sentenced to be hanged Christmas for the murder of her husband, another chance to see the holidays by releasing her till Feb. 28.

—Hon. Abram S. Hewitt has surrendered his desk in the House and will not return, as when Congress reassembles he will have assumed his duties as Mayor of New York.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Workmen who were boring a well at Janesville, Minn., discovered sea shells and ashes at a depth of 150 feet, but no water.

A man in Warsaw, Wis., recently won a bet of \$500 by sitting for one hour on a steam radiator when the steam was turned on.

A merchant in New Haven, Conn., was recently arrested and fined \$50 and costs because he allowed his customers to guess the number of seeds in a squash.

At Iroquois, O. T., a man accidentally discharged a shotgun. The charge struck a purse in his mother's pocket, drove some currency into her thigh, and imbedded a cent in a silver dollar.

When Henry M. Stanley was up the Congo he found in the hands of the Arabs 2,300 captives. He selected from among them eighteen little boys, for each of which he paid a handkerchief costing him a penny and a half each at Manchester.

A little girl, while looking at some wares in a Sparta (Wis.) store window, remarked: "My papa has got a whole lot of pocketbooks just like those." The owner of the store immediately secured a search warrant, and the result was that the child's father was arrested on a charge of burglary.

One of the novelties in Paris is a big wooden cow built in front of a cafe. The milkmaid milks a stream of milk punch into a glass, and a placard proclaims the following astonishing fact: "France has sent Bartholomew's Goddess to America, and America gratefully sends in return a milkmaid."

A Welsh couple from a mining settlement near Pottsville, Pa., recently obtained a marriage license from Register Johnson. Then they went home happy in the thought that they were man and wife, and lived together for two or three weeks before they found out that a minister or a 'quire was necessary before they could be really married.

A singular case of lethargy is reported from the French village of Thénac. In a cottage there Margaret Boyenval, a young girl, has lain since June 1, 1883, in a deep sleep. During the three years she has been asleep her breathing has been scarcely perceptible and she has been fed on nothing but peptones. Apparently she has not grown a day older.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Creider, of Lancaster, Pa., recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. At the same time their daughter, Mrs. A. L. Brant, and her husband celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, while a son of Mr. and Mrs. Brant was married. The ceremony was performed by a grand uncle of the groom.

Many marriages occur in Castle Garden, and many of the happy pairs are Roman Catholics. The groom is often too poor to buy a ring, which is necessary in Roman Catholic marriages. One of the detectives employed at the Garden keeps an imitation plated ring, which is used when occasion requires. A wedding which took place last week was the 354th in the history of the ring. The gift is not yet worn off.

CHURCH NOTES.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has gone back to England.

The Methodist church of Canada has a missionary income of \$180,000 a year.

Bagdad contains the largest Hebrew colony in the Empire. There are twenty synagogues and about 40,000 Hebrews in the city.

The Chinese government has refused to grant permission to the American Methodist Episcopal mission for its steam launch to ascend interior rivers on missionary work.

The City Mission of Brooklyn is alarmed by the fact that in the "City of Churches" there are half a million of non-church-goers. They are making vigorous efforts to carry the gospel into the spiritually dark places of the city.

The Rev. Mr. Aitken, whose mission work in New York last fall has made his name familiar in this country, thinks the condition of the Protestant Episcopal church is tending toward ritualism. He says Phillips Brooks was the only clergyman he met in this country who wore a black gown in the pulpit.

Mr. Arthur C. MacLay, in his "Budget of Letters from Japan," gives some interesting pictures of mission work in that country. As soon as a missionary puts up a hotel, he asks permission of the landlord to preach in his lower room. This is readily granted. Talking begins in a conversational way, and an immense crowd soon gathers. The people are said to be insatiable listeners and come three or four times a day, urging a continuance of the speech, until the speaker is thoroughly exhausted.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

Over 400 musical, theatrical and variety companies are "on the road."

Miss Danbury will produce Bronson Howard's new comedy in January.

Miss Rhea will make a tour of Europe next season, beginning at London.

Margaret Mather will open her season in New York on Dec. 20, in "Leah, the Forsaken."

Louis Aldrich says that the exact sum he paid Bartley Campbell for "My Partner" was \$14,615.

Miss Clara Morris' company has been disbanded on account of her serious illness in St. Louis.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert have nearly completed their new opera for the Savoy theatre, Paris.

Anna Senkrab, the young American violinist, is having great success in her concert tour in Russia. She is now in Moscow.

Rosina Vokes is playing in New York again in "The Schoolmistress," which is as successful as was her one-act comedies last year.

"The Great Pink Pearl," a London comedy farce, after a run of 250 nights in that metropolis, is to be produced in February in this country, with a portion of the English cast, by Charles Frohman, who has secured the American rights. The piece is described as another "Private Secretary."

SOME EARLY STARTS IN LIFE.

Thomas Moore began to write poems when he was 14.

The poet Southey began to write verses before he was 11.

Milton began to woo the muse when he was but 10 years old.

Schiller wrote and published a poem on Moses in his 14th year.

Henry Kirk White published a volume of poems at the age of 17.

Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was published before the writer reached the age of 20.

Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet"—if he did write it—when he was only 23 years of age.

Bulwer Lytton, Bayard Taylor and the poet Keats wrote magazine articles when each was 18.

Fitz-Green Halliday's best verses were penned when the author was between 14 and 17 years of age.

Poems by Chaucer were known and read before the writer had reached his 14th year, and Leigh Hunt made a stir at the age of 13.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Disenchanted.

'Twas at the dry goods counter
I saw the maiden fair,
Her eye was like the morning's smile
And grace was in her air;
Her cheeks were like June roses,
Her lips like cherries bright,
If music in her voice had dwelt,
She'd have been perfect quite.
But it was queer, sharp and shrill,
And grated on the ear,
And I was disenchanted when
I heard her cry, "Oh, ash ere!"
—Boston Courier.

Popular Cuss Words.

"Land's sake!" is Henry George's only swear word. Professor Proctor always says "My stars!" "Dog on it!" is Henry Bergh's word, and Gen. Hazen, like most of the signal service men, swears "By thunder." "Saints protect us!" is Mr. Randall's exclamation, while the Chicago Anarchists all say "Merry on us!" Ex-Minister Cox says "Oh, Pacha."—R. J. Burdette.

An Unhappy Man.

Alas! alas! the days no more
Are glad with warmth and sun;
The biting blast the vales sweep o'er,
The winter has begun.

The wild winds howl throughout the night,
The days bring snow and sleet;
He's now a most unhappy wight,
Whose wife has left him yet.

—Boston Courier.

None of Your Impudence.

An austere looking lady walked into a furrier's yesterday, and said to the yellow headed clerk:

"I would like to get a muff."
"What fur?" inquired the dude.
"To keep my hands warm, you simpering idiot," exclaimed the madam, crushing him like a thunder storm.—Washington Critic.

His Wish.

He stood before a candy shop,
And viewed the goodies sweet,
But owing to dyspepsia's rule
He dare not candy eat.
Then wished he long, and wished he loud,
That some good natured wizard
Would kindly place beneath his vest
A full grown ostrich gizzard.

—Davenport Breeze.

Unreasonable.

Angry Guest to clerk in Chatham street lodging house—See here. I wasn't able to sleep a wink last night for them blasted elevated railroad trains.

Clerk—D'ye think we're goin' to furnish you with a night's lodgin' for ten cents a throw in here.—New York Sun.

Only.

Only a coat.
Only a hair.
Only a wife.
Findeth it there.
Only a broom.
Only a whack.
Only a man.

With a broken back.
—St. Paul Herald.

As Good as She Was Pretty.

Police Passenger (in street car)—Where are you going, my pretty maid?

Pretty Maid—I'm going shopping, sir (she said).

Passenger—Won't you have this seat, my pretty maid?

Pretty Maid—Oh, yes, thank you, sir, (she said).—New York Sun.

Wouldn't Marry the Whole Family.
"Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for his daughter's hand, "are you sure you can support a family?"

"I wasn't m—making any calculations on that," stammered the youth. "I only want the girl, you know."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Small Boy and the Hack Driver.
Now the small boys try to show
What a knack
It takes to some one
Down the back
Of the melancholy driver
Of a hack.

—Life.

Killing the Wrong Ones.
In Phil Armour's Chicago packing house they are killing 4,000 hogs a day, and yet the man who sits sideways in a street car was in town yesterday. So was the man who has his hair cut Saturday night. Some men are born lucky.—R. J. Burdette.

The Home of Culture.
In culture laden Boston town
Where Learning makes no frowning,
Poets art's not yet done brown,
Since every thing is Browning.

—Merchant Traveler.

He Was Used to It.

"I suppose you must be tired of my talking," said his girl, after she had been talking about fifteen minutes, without his being able to get in a word.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I get shaved at the barber's."—New York Sun.

Toboggans and Double Runners.
Paid out your back
With ominous gear.
The sliding track
Will soon be here.

—Merchant Traveler.

Circumstances Were Against Him.
"Do you know whether the doctor went to Mrs. Graps yesterday?"

"I think so. At least there was craps on the door this morning."—New Haven News.

An Alderman's Romance.
At first a lady in our hands
Will fill his cheeks;
But in the exercise of state
They grow with grinning.

—Washington Critic.

Chance to Make a Fortune.
Some enterprising man will make a fortune next year by fitting up a barrel in which bridal couples may make the tour of the Niagara falls.—Chicago Tribune.

A Compliment of Sound Sense.
If your neighbor's time you'd save
Scatter ashes on the pave.

—Newark Journal.

The Economical and Efficient Girl.
This is the happy vision when the average young lady collects the Christmas cards she received last year, and has them ready to mail to her dear friends.—New Haven News.

Alas!
Soon down the spine of many men
Will run the chill;
It's drawing near the time again
For New Year's bills.

—Boston Courier.

The Temptation to Kiss.
"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is, if you will only keep them alone after they get their lips pushed up.—Burlington Free Press.

The Hammock and the Rocking Chair.
She sat in the hammock and the rocking chair,
She sat in the hammock and the rocking chair,
For the hammock season's past;
And she can't fall out of the rocking chair,
For the fall holds her fast.

—Hartford Times.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Norris, an old citizen of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Rheumatism for three years; at times could scarcely walk, and had tried many remedies without benefit, before he began taking Electric Bitters and anointing his hands with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints for need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottles Free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store. Large size, \$1.

How is your blood? Use Green's Sarsaparilla. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg at St. Louis. Use Green's Cough Mixture for coughs and colds. Price 50c. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

This is to certify that Mr. Jacob Ottenheimer is no longer connected with the Lincoln Land Co., that he is not authorized to contract for the Company, or receive money for the same, or to incur any obligation in the name of the Company, or in any way to act for the same.

O. L. RICHARD,
President Lincoln Land Co.
New York, Dec. 11, 1886. 185.

BANK STOCK!

I wish to sell privately
FORTY SHARES STOCK
in the First National Bank of Stanford.

J. B. FOSTER,
Stanford, Ky.
185-4f.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the 24 Tuesday in January, 1887, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

184-1d. J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 24 Tuesday in January, 1887, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

184-1f. JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 24 Tuesday in January, 1887, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. B. OWSELEY, Cashier.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Rushing, Corns, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the house lately vacated by Stanley & Warren, next door to the Myers House.

162-2m. KATE DUDDELL.

FOR SALE!

A valuable Stock Farm containing 319 Acres situated 1 mile from Crab Orchard on the Stanford pike.

The two new store-rooms and room over same, in Stanford, on South side of Main street, built by Owsley & Post. Also the brick residence which I am now living.

J. B. OWSELEY,
Stanford, Ky.
164-1f.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

BY J. W. ADAMS,
McKINNEY, - - KY.

I have lately purchased this hotel and have made many improvements in it. I intend to keep everything in a first-class style, and make only moderate charges. As I have been on the road for several years I know the wants of traveling men, and I will make it to their interest to stop with me.

180-4-7f.

FOR RENT.

I wish to rent my House and Lot on Upper Main Street, in Stanford, now occupied by Mr. W. M. Bogle for the year 1887, commencing with January 1st, 1887.

181-Jan. 1. MRS. KATH HAYS,
Stanford, Ky.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

OF THE

LINCOLN LAND COMPANY.

All persons having debts against the Lincoln Land Company are requested to present them to J. W. Adams at his office in Stanford, Ky.

O. L. RICHARD,
President.

187-4f.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.

For and every female. Beware of worthless imitations. It is the only safe and reliable medicine for all female ailments. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English," and take no other, or follow the NAME BRAND. Chichester's English is sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

For sale by Dr. M. L. BOURNE, Stanford.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
STANFORD, KY.

Office—South side Main Street, two or three miles from Stanford.
In Myers House.
See Notice Office in advertisement on page 184-1d.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can be sold with competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

—I have now—

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements.

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-17f. I. M. BRUCE.

The Champion Horse Shoer!

As the times are dull and money scarce and as I have no need to pay, I will give my customers advantage of good work at very low prices. I will make great reduction for cash in advance, to-wit: Horse Shoeing, Cash, 55 Cents or 87¢ if I have to wait 15 Months. All kinds of shoeing taken in exchange for work. Repairing of all kind done neatly and in good style. Shoeing saddles, trotting and harness horses specially. Putting from \$1 to \$5. Resoling tire for wagon, \$2; making new tire and putting on \$1. Other work in proportion. Thanking my friends for their kind patronage in the past, I solicit the same in the future.

WALTER FIELDS, JR.,
179-1Jan

DR. W. B. PENNY,

DENTIST,
Stanford, - - Kentucky.

Office on Lancaster street, next door to International Journal office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.

1184-1yr.]

L. & N.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

—THE GREAT—

THROUGH TRUNK LINE

—TO THE—

SOUTH & WEST

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleepers.

Louisville

to Nashville,

Atlanta,

Montgomery,

Little Rock,

Mobile and New Orleans.

Only one change to points in

Arkansas and Texas.